

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

BAY STATE SONG.

"They had sent word to us from Philadelphia that we could not pass through that city, (Richmond,) but the Col. said he would go with us, and we did."

"You may depend upon it, that wherever we are ordered we shall do our duty, and not make a blot on the records of Massachusetts."

LETTER FROM A PRIVATE OF THE 6TH REGIMENT.

"The cause of Baltimore is the cause of the whole South."

A. H. STRANDBERG.

THE SONG OF THE BAY STATE.

"The old Bay State is coming,

With the Pine-Tree waving high,

Freedom still her battle-cry,

From the rocky shore of Plymouth,

From the plains of Lexington,

From beneath the shaft of Bunker,

Every hero sends a son.

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

From Cape Cod we hasten on,

With one cry we rush to battle—

Freedom, and our native land!

From the quiet glades of Concord,

Still, as in our fathers' day,

Where our country's name is sacred,

Massachusetts leads the way.

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

Onward dash the Pine-Tree banners,

Where a thousand voices call,

Ere a foe in Freedom's way!

Where a son would strike a mother,

With a traitor's deadly blow,

Forward! every loyal brother,

Fly to crash the destined foe.

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

Onward, then, our staidest banner!

Let it kiss the stripes and stars,

Till it reach the ocean's border,

Where our country's name is sacred,

Massachusetts leads the way!

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

We have left the plow and anvil,

Left the plow and the anvil;

Our arms to smite the traitor,

And our pen the pen of doom.

But we'll plow a deeper furrow,

And we'll plow a deeper furrow,

And upon the Nation's ledger,

We will strike the balance now.

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

Lay the rails and build the engines,

Over the stream the bridges throw;

These are little Yankee notions,

Yankees carry us to go.

To the friends we leave behind us,

Oh we pledge a hearty hand;

And our prayer to God we offer—

God send the good old Commonwealth!

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

Forward, then, the Pine-Tree banner!

Still, as in our fathers' day,

Where our country's name is sacred,

Massachusetts leads the way!

CHORUS—To the bay state, the bay state,

Where our country's name is sacred,

Massachusetts leads the way!

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Select Tale.

HOW THE MOUNTAIN BLACKSMITH WAS CONVERTED.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

The scene is laid in the mountainous regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all Ministers, and Methodist Ministers in particular. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his determination to whip every Methodist preacher that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his ride through the mountains:

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some ministers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might be provoked to fight. Knowing that the clergymen must pass on Saturday, in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and regarded himself on the beatitudes of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

"Oh, how happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have their sins forgiven above!"

"I have miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend; I will call when I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the trifling hypocrite the Minister have sent here to preach, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he meekly replied.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith that whips every Methodist preacher that comes along?" was asked with an audacious look; "and how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard of Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travellers. "You presume so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod sole leather, anyhow—Well, what'll you do, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such a nuisance.

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll mail you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, that you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into;" and the blacksmith "buckled" himself, rolled up his sleeves, and took a quid of tobacco.

The preacher looked on during these novel preparations, without a line of his face moving, and at the end he replied that the terms were not reasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you've got a whaling to submit to, then; I'll tear you into doll-rags corner ways! Get down, you cussed long-faced hypocrite."

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron, walked up to the horse, threatening to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity, and alighted.

"I have one request to make, my friend—that is, you 'on't beat me with this overcoat on; it was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Oh with it, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you."

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse of him and the sect, and throwing the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blows with a courteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off on his arrival—

"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort," &c.—until Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily—

"Enough! enough! enough! take him off!"

But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the preacher's old roan, and he munched a tuft of grass and looked on as if his master was happy at camp meeting.

"Now," said Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me before I let you go."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride arose, and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and sang—

"I'll be on the sky, freely justified,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it; I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth. "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian."

Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkin Creek meeting house and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand.

"I'll do my best," said he, in a humble voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth. "Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned rose, with feelings he never experienced before, and went to obey the laudatory injunctions of the preacher, when the latter person mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said—

"Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you to-morrow."

And off he rode with the same impetuous countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business. What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whipped before his own door, and that too by a Methodist preacher?"

But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger. His disfigured countenance was, of course, the subject of numer-

ous questions that night, among his friends; to which he replied with a stern look they were all right, and the vague remark that he was a Methodist.

Of course, the next day, the blacksmith, Ned, was the subject of much conversation. The rainbow shipwreck scene—blending every color into one. Or perhaps he never read the story, and muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulating as to the metamorphosis of this jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man; some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had entered him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and the latter having no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. The gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp meeting. Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden; and the song of

"How happy are they who their Savior obey,"

was new half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a "shouting Methodist." At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could not contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," said he, "it is a fact. I did mail the grace into his unbeliefing soul, there is no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain-pass himself became, soon after, a Methodist preacher.

Miscellaneous.

LOLA MONTEZ.

Pause by the coffin's hall!
Speak a kind word for the fair penitent,
Who for her sins sorrowed her life was spent,
And Death laid her to rest!

gaze on that pallid face!
Clouds are the dreamy eyes that years ago
Made a King vassal, and crowned a throne!
Closed—closed for endless space!

A few scant feet of earth
Suffice for her! Grace-clothes of snowy white,
Where once the diadem-dress was with spangles bright!
Silence, where once was mirth!

Have we not been here laid
That we forgive as we were forgiven,
Though the offense be seventy times seven?
Nail down the coffin's lid!

A Soldier's Emotion in Battle.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier, in his narration of his personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in "How's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head in the description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet, with two exceptions. Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose, to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and, as he gazed, he said: "The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!"

The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake, of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemies' line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

This stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands! How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! A clumsy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty.

These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with honor; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours'

fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle, I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Reader, did you ever see your house on fire? if so, it was then you rushed into great danger; it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed; yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so prostrated with fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would, and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward the right-wing, when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front, where the ball struck. Instantly another, and another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crashing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron; Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eighteen pounders, and when the first was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the Lieutenant said to his men.

When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Too high, men; try again!" "Too low, men; try again!" the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots. "That's it, my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now! keep at that!" and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled our enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear on us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about a hour the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment. In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as clean as a knife. The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later, Maj. Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; his force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then fire again with lightning like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than men.

CHANGE OF TEMPER.—Jeff. Davis is anxious for peace, and his Generals are of a retiring disposition.

VOLUNTEER CHORUS.

BY H. S. CORNWELL.

Come, sing to the praise of the good old days

Of our brave grandfathers' times;

Who bore to the wars our flag of stars,

With a good old singing cheer!

Through thick and thin, 'mid the battle's din,

King George's rage defying,

They marched to the field, and would not yield,

But kept the old flag flying!

CHORUS—Then here's three cheers for the volunteers!

With traitors no communion!

For the flag of the brave shall ever wave

For Liberty and Union!

To the sound of the drum, they come, come, come,

From every hill and valley;

Like the waves of the sea, for the Land of the Free,

With hosts of freemen ready!

On to the fight, thro' the day, thro' the night;

There'll soon be stormy weather;

By the girls we love, we'll heroes prove,

And stand or fall together!

CHORUS—Then here's three cheers, &c.

Here's the Green Mountain men from the wood and glen,

And from every crag and highland;

And the Jersey Blues, with his rifle true,

And the boys of Stone Island!

The Empire State, who cannot wait,

Crowds on from her furthest regions;

And the mighty West, from her teeming breast,

Pours down her conquering legions!

CHORUS—Then here's three cheers, &c.

We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a tree,

Upon his own plantation!

And his reward give Segregated,

And shroud it in the Nation!

And we'll follow from the wars the stripes and stars,

When all our toils are over;

With a song to the praise of the good old days,

And live and die in clover!

CHORUS—Then here's three cheers, &c.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

A hundred thousand Northerners,

In glittering war array,

Shout: "Onward now to Richmond!"

We'll brook no more delay.

Why give the traitors time and means

To fortify the way?

With soldiers, in unnumbered

Oh, answer us, we pray."

CHORUS OF CHIEFTAINS.

You must wait for the wagon,

The real army wagon,

The fact wagon wagon,

Bought in the red-tape way.

Now, if for any wagon,

Not for compromise, we wait,

Just ask them of the wagon,

Of any Union State;

And if you need ten thousand,

Sends, strong, though second-hand,

You'll find upon the instant

A supply for your demand.

CHORUS.

No! wait for the wagon,

The fact wagon wagon,

Red-tape so will it.

Wait till the judgment day.

[From Vanity Fair.]

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

REYNOLDS, S. C., May 25th.

DEAR VANTY: Such times as I've had

I was unable to write you last week. I am

in the heart of the enemy's country, and

take every opportunity to incommo-

date them.

But I am making rather a good thing of it.

I generally do.

After sending my men into camp at Washington, I picked a hundred of my old Zoo-zoo friends, and came down here into South Carolina, to travel a little. We were all disguised as tamborine-girls.

I never dreamed, my dear Vanties, that there was so much valuable property in the South.

If I had, I should have been here before.

Do you want me to send you anything nice? If you do, just let me know what, and I will get it for you.

I've got two mulatto preachers, one of whom is as much as I have any use for. If you would like the other I'll send him on at once. He is a Methodist, and very eloquent when sober.

Then I've got a bushel basket full of watches, and four tobacco plantations. My Lieutenant—formerly Commodore of my fleet—Signor Cospetto di Vendetta is delighted. He was on the road in Corsica for three or four years, but says he never saw such pickings anywhere, before.

As soon as the chivalry found out who we were, they seemed to loose all respect for us, and began to be very annoying. They hanged two of my men for inviting a fat ox and some poultry to supper in our quarters. This, I thought, was inhospitable, so I burned the town down—Bowieknife Corner—and confiscated all the property within several miles.

They don't understand me yet.

I am only travelling for pleasure now. When I come to tell my army this way, I will show them what fighting is!

Yesterday, I dined with Gov. Pickens. He sets a nice table, does the Governor and has some splendid silverware. If you like, I will give you a couple of his spoons.

He thinks the South will whip in this war—I don't.

"You must know, my dear Mac," said the Governor, when the sherry came on, "you must know that nearly all our soldiers are raw boys, unaccustomed to handling firearms. Now, when they get excited, as they're sure to in battle, they

will be so careless with their muskets that ten to one, some of your men will get shot. Your army had better stay in Washington."

Argument against secession, at first sight, but when you reflect that we also have as many green tops the case is as broad as it is long.

All battles cannot be as successful as that of Charleston Harbor.

Just as I wrote the last sentence, Gov. Pickens' body servant, a very smart yellow boy, entered with a note from his master. It is as follows:

DEAR MAC: A joke's a joke, you know. I'm not vexed. My boy will receive the spoons, and all will be forgotten.

Your's,

PICKENS.

I have confiscated the servant, and sent these few words to his master:

DEAR PICK: I give you twenty-four hours to write an apology in. My soldiers want a bonfire. Your house is wooden.

I think that will fetch him. If not, down goes his shanty!

He who would seek to cope with a McArone, must be a man of more than common mould. When I have captured the South—when my star-gemmed banners float from every house in the land—when my laurel-crowned bust looks serenely down from every niche—when my name is coupled with a fervent blessing in the mouth of every man, woman, child and negro, then, and then only, will I let him up.

Southron, I come.

Tremble!

Cospetto di Vendetta has just returned from a little sojourn in Montgomery. He was there one day only. He found Jeff. Davis and General Beauregard sitting on the steps of the Capitol, eating peanuts, and talking horse. He was desirous of conversing with them, but not understanding English nor any other language except Corsican and thieves' slang, he had difficulty.

Finally, Floyd was sent for. Of course, he is perfectly conversant with the thief's vocabulary, and my lieutenant had quite a chat with him.

"Did you grab your grigs?" asked Floyd.

"Yes, and sherried the poter," said my lieutenant; "but what's a cully to fake? I am bliz to sky, and want fardening."

"Nix my dolly pals," replied the light-fingered statesman.

This last expression may be considered decisive.

I think that, when I get through loafing about here, I will sail my fleet against Montgomery. There is a bank there, and my men want a little pocket-money. Abe doesn't want me to go quite so fast at first, but I think I can show him a trick or two that he isn't up to, as yet.

My genius is not to be trammelled by a mere President.

When the proud bird of Jove soars skyward toward the azure empyrean, with the beams of Liberty gilding his massive pinions, he must soar unshackled.

The weather is very fine.

I must close. Some of my fellows have got on a spree, and want to hang a couple of editors. I must go and see about it. If I get there in time, I will save the poor devils. If not, I want to see them swung off. Those Zoo-zoo of mine are playful dogs; they will have their practical jokes. After all, they are good children, and I am

McARONE.

How a Traitor Treats His Mother.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: Since the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, member of Congress from the Dayton District in this State, has manifested so much